ORLEANS INDEPENDENT STANDARD.

VOLUME 11--NUMBER 1. BARTON, VERMONT, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1866 WHOLE NUMBER 521.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

Four hundred thousand men,
The brave—the good— the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

In many a fevered swamp,
By many a black bayou,
In many a cold and frozen camp,
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,
And died for me and you!
From Western plain to Ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died,
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life-blood, like the rain,
A home—a heritage to gain,
To gain for me and you!
Our brothers mustered by our side,
They marched, and fought, and bravely died,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you.

Up many a fortress wall
They charged—these boys in blue—
'Mid surging smoke, and cannon ball,
The bravest were the first to fall!
To fall for me and you!
These noble men—the nation's pride,—
Four hundred thousand men have died,
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

In treason's prison-hold
Their martyr spirits grew
To stature, like the saints of old,
While, amid agonies untold,
They starved, for me and you!
The good, the patient, and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died,
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

A debt we never can pay
To them is justly due,
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
"They died for me and you!"
Four hundred thousand of the brave,
Made this our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

THAT CAT.

I'm smiling, for I see the slain—
I sent that bullet through thy brain!
Thou'll never steal my quail again—
O, most burglarious cat!

Thy appetite was over nice,
Thou filched my sunday dinner twice,
But never noticed rats or mice,
Most epicurian cat.

It was thy custom moonlit nights,
To mingle in the darndest fights,
And give our baby dreadful frights,
O, most rantankerous cat!

Oft did I watch thee sneak along
First in the caterwauling throng,
To deafen us with chorus song;
Thou operatic cat!

Ah! many a well intended brick,
Down on grimalkin heads rained thick!
Too well thou didst the "double quick,"
Thou old strategic cat!

Thy yowls of pleasure—of despair;
Too oft have wrung from me a swear!
That split in twain the midnight air,
And never moved a cat!

Thanks be to lead! I've stopped thy wind;
Thanks be to lead—thy ranks are thinned!
O! would that all thy race were skinned,
Thou malefactor cat!

Sleep on, across thai heap of stones,
I ne'er shall venerate thy bones;
But I'll remember those old tones,
Thou direful Thomas cat!

Hic jacet ancient Thomas cat,
He was as black as any hat,
And innocent of mouse or rat!
He loved what he could steal the best,
But found that lead would not digest.

SECRET IN BAKING BREAD.—The grand secret and mystery in having the bread come out of the oven delicious, inviting and nutritive, is the exact point of time in putting it in. While in the state of dough it will readily run into various stages of fermentation—the first of these is the sacharine, or that which produces sugar—the next is the vinous—the third the acetous, or that producing vinegar, etc. If the dough be formed into loaves, and placed in the oven before the first fermentation has taken place, the bread will turn out heavy. If it be kept from the oven till the second fermentation, it will prove light enough but tasteless;—and little better than the same quantity of sawdust. If it be delayed until the acetous fermentation has occurred, it comes out sour; and altogether uneatable. It is, then, during the first or sacharine fermentation that it should be cast into the oven; and it will if sufficiently baked, be found a sweet and wholesome food. That bread should be without sweetness, when allowed to run into the vinous fermentation is very easily explained—the sacharine matter produced by the first fermentation being converted into a vinous spirit, which is driven off by evaporation during the process of baking. This kind of bread may be easily distinguished without tasting, by its loose, open appearance—the pores or cells being very large—whereas, really good bread is marked by fine pores, and a sort of network of a uniform appearance.

RECIPE FOR MILK-RISING BREAD.—Take two cups of boiling water, two cups of new milk, and one teaspoonful of soda—make a batter of it and put in a tin pail to rise. Keep the water a little more than luke-warm. The cause of its turning acid is not being kept warm enough, and letting it stand too long.

Solemnly set yourselves at chosen times to think of God. Meditation is of itself a distinct duty, and must have a considerable time allowed it among the other exercises of the Christian life. It challenges a just share and part in the time of our lives; and He in whom we are to place our delight, is the prime and chief object of this holy work.—*John Howe.*

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS.

BY EUGENE SUE.

A tapis franc, in the slang of the murderers and thieves of Paris, means a smoking-house or inn of the very lowest class. A discharged convict, who in this foul language is called an Ogre, or a woman of the same class an Ogresse, commonly keeps a tavern of this kind, resorted to by the refuse of the Parisian population: liberated galley-slaves, sharpers, robbers, and asaassins congregate there. If a crime has been committed, the police casts its net in this receptacle of filth and almost always the guilty one is caught.

This opening will inform the reader that he is about to be a spectator of sorrowful and dismal scenes. If he consents, we will penetrate into horrible, unknown regions; frightful and hideous figures swarm in these foul alleys like reptiles in a swamp. Every one has read those admirable works in which Cooper, the American Walter Scott has described the savage habits of the Indians, their picturesque and poetic language, and the thousand artifices by which they fly from or pursue their enemies. We have often trembled for those colonists and inhabitants of cities, when thinking that so near them lived or roamed these barbarous tribes, whose sanguinary habits remove them so far from the pale of civilization. We are about to place before our readers some episodes of the lives of other barbarians, as far removed from civilization as the savage people so well described by Cooper; only the barbarians of whom we speak live among us, and around us; we can elbow them if we venture into the deus where they assemble to plot murder and robbery, and to divide among themselves the spoils of their victims.

These men have their own customs, women and language: a mysterious language, crowded with wretched imagery and disgusting metaphors of blood.

Like the savages, they generally have names common among themselves given to them either for their energy, cruelty, or some physical deformity.

We venture to describe with great diffidence some of the scenes of this story. In the first place, we fear we shall be accused of spreading out disgusting details; and even if this is allowed, that we shall be incompetent to the task of giving a faithful, vigorous and bold description of the manners and customs of these people.

In describing these scenes, we have almost trembled, and have hardly escaped from a nervous trepidation; we will not say anxiety, for fear we may be accused of ridiculous affectation. In thinking that our readers might participate in these feelings we have had some doubts whether we ought to persevere in our story; whether such descriptions should be placed before the public. We have had our doubts; and without the very imperious exigencies of the narrative, we should regret having placed in such a horrible quarter the commencement of our tale. We count a little, however, on that curiosity which a gloomy drama is apt to produce; and, besides we believe in the efficacy of contrasts. In this view of the case, it is perhaps well to describe certain beings whose sombre, energetic, and perhaps crude characters, will serve as a set-off to those of a nature entirely different.

The reader, thus informed of the nature of the excursion we intend to make among the people of this infernal race, who fill our prisons and galleys, and whose blood stains our scaffolds will perhaps follow us. Doubtless this investigation will be new to him, but we assure him that after he puts his foot on the first round of the ladder, as he mounts, and as the tale proceeds, the atmosphere will become clearer and more pure.

On the 13th of December, 1838, a cold and rainy evening, a man of athletic form, wearing a miserable blouse crossed the Pont au change and plunged into the cite, a labyrinth of obscure, crooked, and narrow streets, which extend from the Palais de Justice to Notre Dame.

The quarter or district of the Palais de Justice, very circumscribed, and well watered, is, nevertheless, the asylum or resort of the rogues of Paris. Is it not strange, or, rather, is there not a fatality, an irresistible attraction thus drawing these criminals around the formidable tribunal which condemns them to the prison, the galley, or the scaffold. On this night the wind blew in heavy gusts down the narrow streets of this gloomy district, and the pale light of the suspended lamps, shaken by the wind, was reflected in the dark streams of turbid water which flowed down the muddy streets. Wretched houses with scarcely a window, and those of wormeaten frames without any glass, dark, infectious-looking alleys led to still darker-looking staircases, so steep that they could only be ascended by the aid of ropes fastened to the damp walls by iron hooks; the lower stories of some of these houses were occupied by sellers of charcoal, tripe men, or venders of impure meat; and notwithstanding the little value of these commodities the windows of these miserable shops were barred with iron, so much did the owners fear the bold robbers of this quarter.

The man of whom we have spoken on entering the Rue aux Feves, situated in the middle of the cite, slackened his pace considerably; he felt himself on his own ground. The night was dark, the rain fell in torrents and sharp gusts of wind and rain beat against the walls; the clock of the Palais de Justice, in the distance struck ten; some women sheltered under the heavy arched doorways (gloomy and obscure as caverns), were singing in a subdued tone, some popular airs.

One of these creatures was without doubt, known by the man of whom we have spoken, for he stopped suddenly before her, and seized her by the arm. The unfortunate creature drew back and said, in a timid voice,

'Good-night, Chourineur' (in Argot this word means one who gives a blow with a knife.)

This man thus had been called in the galleys.

'Is it thou, La Goualeuse (singer)?' said the man in the blowse; 'thou must pay for my brandy, or I'll make thee dance without music.'

'I have no money,' said the trembling girl, for this man was much feared in this quarter.

'If thy *filoche* (purse) is *a jean* (empty) the Ogress of the tapis-franc will give thee credit for thy pretty face.'

'Mon Dieu! I already owe her the rent of the clothes I have on my back.'

'Ah! thou makest difficulties!' said the Chourineur, giving the unfortunate wretch a random blow with his fist which made her utter a piercing cry.

'That is nothing my girl—only a warning.' Hardly had he said these words when he cried with a terrible oath, 'I am hit in my arms—thou hast scratched me with thy scissors.' And, foaming with rage, he rushed in pursuit of La Goualeuse down the dark alley.

'Come no nearer,' she said, 'or I will dig thine eyes out with my scissors. I have done nothing to thee; why hast thou hit me?'

'I am going to tell you,' cried the bandit, still groping down the alley.

'Ah! I've got thee, and now I'll make thee dance,' he added, seizing with his immense and powerful hands a slender and delicate arm. 'It is thou who shalt dance,' said a hoarse voice.

'A man! is it thou, Bras-rouge?—Answer me, and don't squeeze so hard. I am in the entrance of thy house, it must be thou.'

'It is not Bras-Rouge,' said the voice.

'Good! if it is not a friend there's blood to be shed,' cried the Chourineur; 'but to whom belongs this little paw that I have hold of?'

'It is the fellow of this.'

Under the soft and delicate skin of the hand that now seized him quickly by the throat the Chourineur could feel nerves and muscles of steel.

La Goualeuse, who had fled to the bottom of the alley and mounted a few steps of the staircase, stopped a moment, and cried out to her unknown defender, 'Oh! thank you, sir for having taken my part; Chourineur struck me because I would not pay for some brandy. I revenged myself but I could not do him much harm with my scissors. Now I am in safety, take care of yourself. He is the Chourineur.'

The terror that this man caused was great.

'But don't you hear me? I tell you it is the Chourineur!' repeated La Goualeuse, 'and I am a bandit who is not a coward;' said the unknown; and then he was silent, but the noise of a deadly conflict was heard for some seconds. 'Dost thou wish that I should kill thee?' cried the bandit, making a violent effort to get rid of his adversary, whom he found possessed of great strength.—'Good! good! thou art going to pay for La Goualeuse and for thyself,' he added, grinding his teeth. 'Pay in money of my fists?'

'Yes, answered the unknown.

'If thou dost not let go my cravat, I'll bite thy nose,' said the almost strangled Chourineur.

'My nose is too short, my man, and thou doesn't see too clearly.'

'Come, then, under the lamp.'

'Come,' repeated the unknown, 'and we'll look at the whites of each other's eyes;' and throwing himself on the Chourineur, whom he still held by the throat, he backed him to the entrance of the alley; then pushing him violently he threw him into the street, hardly lighted by the wretched lamp. The bandit fell but recovering himself immediately, rushed with fury on the unknown whose small and slender figure gave no indication of the great strength he had displayed.

The Crourineur, although of an athletic make, and very expert in that sort ot pugilism which is vulgarly called *La savatte*, found his master.

The unknown tripped up his heels and with wonderful dexterity threw him twice.

Not yet willing to acknowledge himself conquered, the Chourineur returned to the charge foaming with rage; then the defender of La Goualeuse quickly changing his mode of fighting, rained down on the head of the bandit a torrent of blows with his fists, which struck as if they were made of iron.

These blows with the fists, worthy the envy and admiration of Jack Turner, one of the most famous boxers of London, were so entirely out of all rules of La savatte that the Chourineur was doubly stunned, and for the third time fell upon the pavement murmuring,

'I have enough.'

'If he gives up, have pity on him; don't kill him,' said La Goualeuse who had advanced, during the conflict to the door-way of the house of Bras-Rouge; then she added, with astonishment, 'But who are you, then?—Except the *Maitre d' École* there is nobody from the Rue Saint-Eloi to Notre Dame capable of fighting the Chourineur. I thank you much, sir; if it had not been for you he would have cruelly beaten me.'

The unknown, instead of answering this woman, listened attentively to her voice. Never had a sound more sweet, more silvery, more soft reached his ears. He endeavored to get a glimpse of her face, but the night was too dark, the light from the lamp too feeble.

After having remained some minutes immovable, the Chourineur raised himself and sat up.

'Take care!' said La Goualeuse, retreating into the alley, and drawing her protector by the arm. 'Take care, perhaps he will try to revenge himself.'

'Be quiet, my girl; if he wants any more, I am ready to serve him.'

The brigand heard these words. 'I have the *coloquinte en bringues*,' said he; 'for to-day I have enough; won't have any more; another time, I say nothing—if I meet you.'

'Art thou not content? art thou complaining?' cried the unknown, with a menacing voice. 'Is it that I have macarone?' (fought in a foul manner).

'No, no, I dont complain; thou art an *atout*' (trump), said the brigand, in a peevish tone, but with that sort of respect which physical force always inspires in people of that class; 'thou hast rinsed me, and except the Maitre d'Ecole, who can eat three Herculeses for breakfast, no one to this hour has put his foot on my head.'

'Well! what then?'

'What then? why, I have found my master, that's all: you will find yours one of these days; sooner or later every one finds his—if it is not man, why there is the *Megdes Megat* (God), as the sangliers (priests) say—that which is sure is, that now thou hast put the Chourineur under thy feet, thou canst do as thou pleasest in the cite. All the women will be thy slaves. Ogres and Ogresses will not dare to refuse to give the credit.'

'Who art thou, then? thou dovides la jars (speakest Argot) like papa and mama! If thou art grinche (a robber), I am not thy man. I have chourine (given blows with a knife), it is true, because when my blood rushes to my head I always see red, and I must strike. But I have paid for my chourindes in going fifteen years to the *pre* (galleys). I finished my time. I owe nothing to the curieux (judges), and I have never grinchi; thou mayest ask La Goualeuse!'

'It is true; he is not a robber,' said the latter.

'Well, come and take a glass of brandy with me, and we shall become acquainted,' said the unknown. Come, let's have no ill feeling.'

'Now that is genteel—thou art my master, I own it—thou knowest how to play with fists; those last blows come down like a hailstorm Thunder! how they poured on my sconce—never have felt anything like it—just like a blacksmith's hammer—a new game, I guess—thou must teach me.'

'I'll begin as soon as thou wilt.'

'Not with me—not with me—I feel yet a little dizzy; but thou must know Bras-Rouge, as thou wast in the alley of his house.'

'Bras-Rouge?' said the unknown, surprised at this question; 'does nobody but Bras-Rouge live in this house?'

'Yes, my man. Bras-Rouge has his own reasons for not desiring neighbours,' said the Chourineur, smiling in a significant manner.

'Well! so much the better for mine,' said the unknown, who seemed desirous of putting a stop to the conversation. I don't know Bras-Rouge any more than I know Bras-Noir; it rained hard, and I stepped into the alley for shelter: thou wast beating this poor girl, and I beat thee, that's all.'

'Just so; besides, I don't want to know anything of thine affairs; those who stand in need of the services of Bras-Rouge don't tell it to all Rome: don't say any more about it;' then turning to La Goualeuse, he said, 'On my faith, thou art a good girl. I gave thee a tap on the head, and thou gavest me a punch with scissors; it was only in fun: but what was really kind on your part, was that thou didst not wish that madman there to thrash me when I cried enough. Thou shalt come and drink with us; this gentleman pays! By-the-by, my man, instead of going to drink, suppose we go and sup at the Lapin Blanc: it is a tapisfranc.'

'Agreed; I'll pay for supper. Wilt thou come, La Goualeuse?' said the unknown.

'Oh! I was very hungry,' she answered, 'but this fight has made me heart-sick; I have no more appetite.'

'Bah, bah! that 'll come when once at the table; besides, the cooking at the Lapin Blanc is first rate.' The three individuals, now on the most friendly footing, turned their steps towards the tavern.

During the whole time of the conflict between the unknown and the Chourineur, a coalman of gigantic stature, concealed in another alley, had watched with anxiety the chances of the combat, without having lent (as has been seen) the least assistance to either of the adversaries; and when the trio started for the tapis-franc, the coalman followed them.

The bandit and La Goualeuse entered first; the unknown was about following, when the coal-merchant approached, and whispered in a respectful tone, in English, 'My lord take care!'

The unknown shrugged his shoulders and joined his companions. The coalman hovered near the door, listening with great attention, and from time to time peeping through a small hole of the wretched window, which, as is usual in these dens, was thickly incrusted with white paint on the inside.

CHAPTER. II

THE OGRESSE.

The tavern of the *Lapin Blanc* is situated about half way down the street aux Feves; it occupies the lower story of a lofty house with two large windows, called a guillotine. Above the door of a dark vaulted alley was suspended an oblong, cracked lantern, on which was painted in red letters, 'Here lodgings can be had for the night.'

Chourineur, Goualeuse, and the unknown, entered the tavern.

It was a long, low room, into which they entered, with smoky ceiling and black rafters, badly lighted by the murkey rays of a miserable lamp. The whitewashed walls were covered with vulgar sketches, or with sentences in *Argot* (slang); the floor of beaten earth and salt was thickly covered with mud; an armful of straw was placed at the foot of the counter or bar of the Ogresse instead of a carpet, and this was situated near the door, and under the lamp on each side of this room there was placed six tables, one end of each, as well as the benches, was nailed to the wall; at the further end of the room a door opened into the kitchen: on the right, near the bar, another gave an exit into the alley, which led to miserable apartments, where one can lodge for three sous the night—and now a few words about the *Ogresse* and her guests.

She was called the mother *Ponisse*, and her threefold employment was, to keep the tavern, take in lodgers by the night, and to rent out clothes to the miserable beings who swarm in these foul streets.

The Ogresse was about forty years of age, tall, robust, and corpulent, with a red face and something of a beard; her rough and masculine voice, her immense arms and large hands, all indicated no common strength; her hat was trimmed with a faded red and yellow riband; a tippet of rabbit skin was crossed on her bosom and tied behind her back; her dress of green woollen so short, that her black *sabots* (wooden shoes) were seen, half burned by her foot-stove; and, finally, her copper-coloured complexion, much inflamed by the abuse of strong drink.

The counter, lined with lead, was furnished with jugs with iron hoops, and different-sized measures of tin; on a small shelf could be seen many glass flacons, moulded in the form of the emperor: these bottles were filled with adulterated liquors of a rose and green colour, known by the name of *parfait amour* and consolation: finally, a large black cat, with yellow eyes, crouched near the Ogresse, seemed the familiar spirit of this place.

By a contrast that almost seems impossible, if he did not know that the human breast is an impenetrable abyss—a holy Easter branch, bought at the church by the Ogresse, was placed behind the box of an ancient cuckoo clock. Two men, with sinister looks, bristling beards, and clothed almost in rags, had hardly touched the jug of wine that had been served to them, but were whispering, evidently, in an anquiet and uneasy manner.

One of them especially, who was very pale, almost livid, kept continually drawing his wretched Greek cap over his eyes. He held his left hand concealed, never using it except when compelled by necessity. At a short distance was seated a young man of hardly sixteen years, with a drunken, pale, and livid look; his long, black hair floated on his shoulders, smoking a short white pipe; this youth was a fine specimen of juvenile precocity. He was leaning against the wall, with his hands in the pockets of his blouse, and he never took the pipe from his mouth except to drink of the brandy which stood before him. The other inmates of the tapis-franc, male or female, deserve no particular notice; their physiognomies were ferocious or dull, their gayety gross or licentious, their silence sombre or stupid: such were the guests of the tapis-franc, where the unknown, the Chourineur, and La Goualeuse entered. These three last personages play so important a part in our story, that we should not fail to place them in bold relief.

The Chourineur was a man of tall stature, athletic make, with flax-coloured hair, almost white, heavy dark eyebrows, and enormous whiskers of burning red. Poverty, the rude labour at the galleys in the scorching sun, had bronzed his skin to that dark olive, which may be said to be peculiar to galley-slaves; notwithstanding his terrible name, the features of this man intimated a more brutal audacity than ferocity although the back part of his head, most singularly developed, announced the preponderance of carnal and murderous appetites. The Chourineur was dressed in a miserable blouse, trousers of velveteen, which formerly had been green, but no colour could now be distinguished, from the heavy coating of mud.

By a strange anomaly, the face of La Goualeuse presented one of those angelic and lovely expressions which preserve their ideality even in the midst of depravity, as if the creature were unable to efface by its vices the noble stamp which God has placed on the forehead of some privileged beings.

The Goualeuse had passed her sixteenth year. Her round, white forehead, surmounted her visage of a most perfect oval; her long and almost curling eyelashes half concealed her large blue eyes; her small, rosy mouth, and Grecian nose, her dimpled chin, and downey cheek, were lovely in the extreme; from each side of her lofty temples a tress of pale auburn hair descended low on her cheek, then passing behind the small ear of ivory, was fastened under a sort of blue checked handkerchief which she wore upon her head, tied, as is vulgarly called, *a la Marmotte*. A string of coral beads encircled her beautiful throat, of most dazzling whiteness; her dress, of blue stuff, was much too large, and scarcely concealed her round and elastic form; a miserable little orange shawl, with blue fringe, crossed on her bosom, completed her attire. The charming voice of La Goualeuse had attracted the attention of her unknown defender; in effect, this voice, so sweet and harmonious, had such an irresistible attraction, that the crowd of miserable wretches, in the midst of whom she lived, often begged her to sing, and in listening to her touching notes, had surnamed her *La Goualeuse* (singer).

She had also received another name, due, no doubt, to the innocent expression of her face; they called her *Fleur de Marie*, which in Argot (slang) means virgin.

We wish we could convey to the reader the singular impression made upon us when, in the midst of this vocabulary, redolent with words of blood, and murder, and theft, we came to this one so poetical, so metaphorical, so religious. Fleur de Marie—is it not like a lily rearing its snow-white head on a field of carnage? Singular contrast, strange chance! the inventors of this frightful language have dared to look up to a holy poesy—they have added another charm to the words they wish to express.

These reflections, do they not lead us to believe, in thinking also of other contrasts, which break the horrible monotony of the most criminal existences, that certain principles of piety and morality, innate, as it were, cast here and there their sparkling light on some dark, gloomy mind? Malefactors all of one description are phenomena sufficiently rare.

The unknown defender of La Goualeuse (we shall call him Rodolphe) was about thirty years of age, and a middling size; his slight and perfectly proportioned figure gave no indication of the great strength which he had shown in his contest with the Chourineur. It had been difficult to assign any certain character to the physiognomy of Rodolphe—it united the strangest contrast; his features were regularly handsome, too handsome for a man; his delicately-pale complexion, his large brown eyes, almost always half closed, his lounging gait, his ironical smile, seemed to announce a dissipated man, whose constitution was, as yet, only weakened by the aristocratic excesses of oppulent life. Yet, notwithstanding his white and delicate hands, Rodolphe had just knocked down one of the most robust and renowned banditts of this resort of robbers.

We say aristocratic excess, because the intoxication proceeding from, or caused by, generous wine, is very different from that caused by a miserable adulterated drink; because, in a word, to the eyes of an observer, an excess differs as much in symptoms as in kind and species.

Certain furrows on the brow of Rodolphe revealed profound thought, essentially a contemplative man; yet the firmness of the contour of his mouth his carriage of the head, somewhat bold and imperious, betrayed the man of action, whose physical force and courage would always exercise on the multitude an irresistible ascendency. Often his look seemed charged with a melancholly sadness, and all that commiseration has the most hopeful, all that pity has the most touching, was pictured on his countenance; at other times, on the contrary, the expression of Rodolphe become hard and wicked; his features expressed so much disdain and cruelty, that one could scarcely believe they could ever be susceptible of any gentle emotion. The continuation of this story will show what was capable of calling forth passions and feelings so opposite in their nature.

In this conflict with the Chourineur, Rodolphe had shown neither anger nor hatred against an adversary so unworthy. Confiding in his strength, in his address, in his agility, he had experienced no emotion but that of contempt for the sort of brute he threw on the ground. To finish the portrait of Rodolphe, we will say that his hair was of clear chestnut, as were his nobly-arched eyebrows; he wore a fine silken mustache, and his chin, a little prominent, was most carefully shaved; otherwise, the manners and language he used, or rather affected to use, with incredible ease, gave him a complete resemblance to the guests of the Ogresse. His symmetrical neck, modelled like an Indian Bacchus, was encompassed by a black cravat, negligently tied, with the ends falling on the bosom of his blouse, whose faded colour announced its antiquity; his shoes were nailed with a double row of nails, and, save his hands of dazzling whiteness, nothing in his dress distinguished him from the other inmates; while his air of resolution, and, if we may so express it, his audacious serenity, placed between him and them an immeasurable distance.

On entering the tapis-franc, the Chourineur, placing one of his large hairy hands on the shoulder of Rodolphe, cried,

'A greeting for the Chourineur's master. Yes, friends, this young man has just been sousing me; fair notice to those who have any desire to have their sculls cracked or backs broken, including also the *Maitre d'Ecole*, who this time will find his master. I'll answer for it. I'll bet.'

At these words, from the Ogresse to the very least of the inmates of the tapis-franc, all eyes were turned towards the conqueror of the Chourineur with cowardly respect. Some of them drawing their jugs to the end of their tables, made room for Rodolphe if he might wish to seat himself, while others gathered around the Chourineur to learn some details of the unknown, who had just made such a victorious debut into their society. Even the Ogresse herself smiled most graciously on Rodolphe; and, a thing unheard of in the annals of the tapis-franc, even raised herself from her place at the bar, and came to ask Rodolphe what she should serve to him and his company, an attention she never paid even the Maitre d'Ecole that famous villain who had made even the Chourineur tremble.

One of the two men whom we have mentioned, he who kept his hand so carefully concealed, leaned over the table toward the Ogresse and said in a hoarse whisper,

'Has the Maitre d' Ecole been here to-day?'

'No,' said Mother Ponisse.

'Yesterday?'

'Yes, he came.'

'With his new wife?'

'Bah! do you take me for a spy with your questionings? do you think I am going to denounce my guests?' said the Ogresse in a brutal manner.

'I have a rendezvous with the Maitre d' Ecole this night; we have some business together.'

'That must be something very nice, your affairs, assassins as you are.'

'Assassins!' said the irritated bandit; 'it is from them you make your living.'

'Come, come, will you hold your tongue?' said the Ogresse, 'or I'll throw this jug at your head.'

The cowardly wretch sat down growling.

Fleur de Marie, as she came in had exchanged a look of friendly intelligence with the young man we have mentioned.

The Chourineur said to him: 'Ah! Barbillon, always drinking brandy?'

'Always; I had rather go without shoes and food than brandy in my throat and tobacco in my pipe,' said the young man, in a cracked voice without changing his position and passing out volumes of smoke.

'Good-evening, Mother Ponisse,' said La Goualeuse.

'Good-evening, Fleur de Marie,' answered the Ogresse, inspecting the vestments which covered the unfortunate; 'ah, it's a pleasure to rent one's things to you. You are a neat little puss. I never would have let such a fine orange shawl to such creatures as La Tourneuse or the Tete de Mort. But I have taken good care of you since you came from prison, and I must confess you are the best creature in all the cite.'

'Hollo, Mother!' said Rodolphe, 'I see you have got some holly-wood on your clock,' pointing with his finger to the Easter bough, placed behind the cuckoo.

'Well, and would you have one live like heathen?' answered the horrible woman; and then speaking to La Goualeuse, said: 'Come, won't you give us one of your songs?'

'After supper, Mother Ponisse, said the Chourineur.

'And what will you have, my good fellow?' said she to Rodolphe, desiring to make him welcome, so that she might count upon his assistance when required.

'Ask the Chourineur, mother, it is his feast, but I pay.'

'Well, what do you want for supper?' said the Ogresse, turning to the bandit, 'what do you want, wicked dog?'

'Two measures of wine at 12 sous, three small loaves of fresh bread, and a harlequin (a mixture of broken victuals),' cried the Chourneur, after having hesitated a while.

'I see that you are a famous drinker, and have a great passion for harlequins.'

'Well, and are you hungry now?' said the Chourineur to La Goualeuse; 'are you hungry?'

'Now! Chourineur.'

'Do you like anything better than a harlequin, my girl?' said Rodolphe.

'Oh no! my hunger is all gone.'

'But why don't you look at my master?' said the Chourineur, with a coarse laugh, and pointing at Rodolphe with his finger: 'why don't you look at him?' The Goualeuse blushed, and cast down her eyes without answering.

After a short time, the Ogresse came herself, and placed on the table of Rodolphe a jug of wine, some bread, and the harlequin, which we shall not attempt to describe to our readers, but which the Chourineur seemed to find perfectly to his taste, for he cried,

'What a dish! ye gods! what a dish! it is like an omnibus! there is something for all tastes; for those who like fat and those who like lean; for those who like pepper and those who like sugar—chickens' legs and fishes' tails, cutlet's bones and pie crust, a fry, cheese, vegetables, birds' heads, crackers, and salad—now do eat La Goualeuse, it is choice—have you been feasting to-day?' 'Feasting! ah yes; I have eaten, as usual, this morning my penny's worth of bread and milk.'

The entrance of a new-comer into the tavern interrupted all conversation, and attracted all attention. He was a man of about middle age, strong and robust, wearing a jacket and cap, perfectly conversant with the usages of the tapis-franc, and speaking in Argot; he demanded some supper.

Although this stranger was not a regular lounger at the tapis-franc, he now attracted no more attention, for he was *known*. To recognise these fellows, robbers, like honest men, rarely fail.

The new-comer placed himself in such a position that he might observe the two men of whom we have spoken; he scarcely took his eyes from off them; but they were so placed, that they could not see that they were watched.

Notwithstanding his audacity, the Chourineur showed much deference to Rodolphe, and not daring to *tutoyer* (address him familiarly). This man had no respect for the laws, but he respected physical strength. "On the faith of man,' he said, 'although you have made me dance, yet I am glad I have met you.' 'Because you find the harlequin to your taste?' 'In the first place; and then I scorch to see you handle the Maitre d'Ecole; he has always rinsed me, and I want to see him washed in return; oh, that will do me good.'

'Ah, ah! do you think I am going to jump on the Maitre d'Ecole like a bulldog, just to amuse you?' 'No, but he will jump on you as soon as he hears that you are stronger than he,' answered the Chourineur, rubbing his hands. 'I have money enough left to give him his change,' said Rodolphe, carelessly; 'but what horrid weather; suppose we have some brandy and sugar; perhaps it will make La Goualeuse find her voice.' 'Agreed,' said the Chourineur; 'and to become acquainted, we'll just say who we are,' added Rodolphe.

'White Hair, nicknamed the Chourineur, liberated galley-slave, workman among the floating woods at the *Quai Saint Paul*—frozen during the winter, roasted in summer—behold my character,' said the guest of Rodolphe, making the military salute with his left hand. 'And you, my master, this is the first time I have seen you in the cite. I don't mean to reproach you, but you have entered marching on my scull and beating the drum on my hide. Thunder and lightning, what music! above all, those last touches, just as you finished. I can't help thinking about it! I guess you tried to excel. But have you no other trade but that of rinsing the Chourineur.

'I am a painter of fans, and I am called Rodolphe.'

'Painter of fans! ah! that is the reason your hands are so white,' said the Chourineur. 'But never mind, if all you workmen are like you, it appears that your trade requires a great deal of strength. But since you are workman, and an honest one I doubt not, why do you come to a tapis-franc where you will only meet thieves and robbers, or a liberated galley-slave like me, who cannot go anywhere else?'

'I come here because I like good society.'

'Hum! hum!' cried the Chourineur, shaking his head with an air of doubt. 'I found you in the alley of Bras Rouge; enough—sufficient. You say you do not know him?'

'I wonder if you are going to talk to me any more of your Bras-Rouge whom the devil confound, that is, if his majesty pleases.'

'Hold, master; you are a little suspicious of me, and you are not wrong; but if you wish, I'll tell you my history, on condition that you will teach me to strike those blows which made me smell brimstone.'

'I consent, Chourineur; you shall tell me your story, and then La Goualeuse shall tell hers.'

'Agreed,' answered the Chourineur. 'The weather is too bad even to put a constable out of doors—that will amuse us. Are you agreed, La Goualeuse?'

'Oh, yes, but it will not take long,' said Fleur de Marie. 'And you will tell yours, comrade Rodolphe?' added the Chourineur. 'Yes, I'll begin,' answered Rodolphe. 'Painter of fans!' said La Goualeuse; 'It is a nice trade.' 'And how much do you gain at such a break-back calling as that?' said the Chourineur. 'I'll begin my story,' answered Rodolphe.—'My best day's work brings me in four francs, sometimes five, during the long days of summer.'

'And do you stroll about much?'

'Yes, as long as I have money. In the first place I pay six sous for my bed.'

'Pardon me, my lord—you pay six sous for your lodging!' said the Chourineur, touching his cap.

This word—my lord—ironically used by the bandit, caused Rodolphe to smile imperceptibly. He continued: 'Oh, I like to be comfortable and neat.' 'Here's a peer of France, a banker, a millionaire,' cried the Chourineur; 'he lodges for six sous.' 'Added to that' said Ropolphe, 'four sous for tobacco, that is ten; four sous for breakfast, fourteen; fifteen for dinner, one or two for brandy, makes about thirty sous a day. I have no need to work all the day, the rest of the time I frolic.'

'And your family?' said La Goualeuse.

'Dead, during the cholera,' replied Rodolphe.

'What trade did they follow?' asked La Goualeuse.